MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1912 No. 7

CONTENTS

	Page
Observations and Comments	203
Ross Winn Emma Goldman	208
Short Editorials Ross Winn	211
Society—Stupid or Sensible? Viroqua Daniels	212
To Hell With Your Courts! Jack Whyte	217
A Syndicalist League Harry Kelly	218
The Treatment of Wealth Producers A. O. Morse	223
Notes	225
The Drama of Life and Death Hippolyte Havel	226
A Priestess of Pity and of Vengeance Leonard D. Abbott	230
International Notes	232

EMMA GOLDMAN - - - - PUBLISHER
ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - EDITOR
Office: 55 West 28th Street, New York City
Telephone, Madison Square 788
Price, 10 Cents per Copy One Dollar per Year

25th ANNIVERSARY

of the

CHICAGO MARTYRDOM

will be commemorated

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 8 P. M.

AT MANHATTAN LYCEUM

EAST 4th STREET, NEAR 3rd AVENUE

THE HISTORY OF THE

HAYMARKET TRAGEDY

of 1886 and the social importance of the life and death of the Chicago Anarchists will be discussed in the

Special November Issue of Mother Earth

The number will be illustrated and will contain special contributions by well-known writers in America and Europe

SPECIAL RATES FOR PROPAGANDA PURPOSES:

Single copies	10c
Bundle of 10	75c
" " 25	$1.75
" " 50	$3.25
" " 100	$6.00

ORDER IN ADVANCE

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 55 West 28th Street, New York, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. VII **SEPTEMBER, 1912** **No. 7**

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

DIFFERENT interests, different laws.

They would have us believe that laws are something absolute, holy. We should bow before every statute and every ukase; on every official sign-post it is written that only "legal ways" are permitted and only "lawful means" may be used.

A very comfortable thing for those who make the laws and profit by them. The wealthy possessors are of course anxious that the laws protecting their property be executed with all the rigor possible. They renounce strikes and sabotage as an unlawful invasion of their sacred property rights, an attack on the very institution of property.

That is their logic. But it can hardly be the logic of the workers who possess nothing, although they create all the wealth. If they understand the situation, they think differently in this regard. Then they know that the numberless laws for the protection of capital gained by exploitation are but so many chains to fetter labor. To demand from them respect for the law means to demand that they respect and perpetuate their own slavery.

Laws are the decrees of the powers that be, and they change with the change of rulers.

The corrupt régime and tyranny of the Bourbon Kings had the sanction of law before the great French Revolution. Those who protested against the despotism quickly found themselves in the Bastille. But it was also according to law that later, when power

changed hands in France, Louis XVI. was made to lose his head.

In the beginning of the capitalist era there were laws which declared strikes to be a crime. To some extent it holds true even today, though in a more subtle manner. Meanwhile, however, a new spirit is developing among the workers, and it is giving birth to other "laws" for them to follow. The union of the disinherited, labor solidarity and coöperation, the general strike and sabotage—these are some of the latest "laws" in the evolutionary process of humanity. This new perception will gradually be applied to life with greater vigor and energy, in spite of all the moss-covered law books and their dicta.

* * *

IN connection with the above, it is interesting to note some instances of capitalistic sabotage.

In New York Bay whole shiploads of fish are often sunk, in order to reduce the supply, and thus keep the prices at a high level.

A short time ago the speculators caused the destruction of thousands of bushels of potatoes. The purpose was to create a scarcity of supply, as an excuse for raising the price of the commodity.

Similar methods are pursued in regard to all perishable fruit, and every kind of foodstuff is kept away from the market and held in storage for weeks and months, to be disposed of later on at the most exorbitant prices.

The courts evidently consider such instances of capitalistic sabotage as perfectly lawful. It is no crime to produce an artificial scarcity of the necessaries of life, in order to squeeze out money from the starvation of the people.

* * *

TWO incidents in connection with this year's Labor Day characterize many official labor leaders not only as truly desirable citizens, but prove them to be procurers for the Church.

These leaders indorsed and signed a call inviting the workers of New York to the Cathedral of St. Patrick, to attend a Jesuitical oration on capital and

labor. They have by this act put themselves directly in the service of the Catholic Church, whose diplomacy in sharing the spoils with the political corruptionists and industrial exploiters of labor has been so successful in this country, that it enabled her to build a pompous cathedral on Fifth Avenue, one of the most expensive spots in America.

The second incident was the arbitrary refusal of permission to the I. W. W. members to participate in the Labor Day parade. To be sure, the Industrial Workers have become known as a labor organization, whose aims and methods are revolutionary—sufficient reason for their exclusion by the official Federation labor leaders.

We do not regret the occurrence. In these days of shams, amid the chaotic mixture of sincere and hypocritical opinions, it is high time to draw the lines sharply. Furthermore, it was much more compromising for the I. W. W. to march side by side with the lickspittles of Jesuitry, than for these to walk with the I. W. W.

As a legally-approved day, Labor Day has long since been castrated of every demonstrative, revolutionary significance. It will lose what little is left of its external, seeming value, as soon as the workers will turn their backs on the priests of politics and church.

* * *

THE Socialist vote hunters continue to have bad luck. Formerly it was the terrible Willie Hearst who managed to snatch the votes from them on election day, and now it is the Tarasconian Super-Barnum, alias Roosevelt, who has smeared enough molasses over his platform to catch the guileless radical and Socialist flies.

Indeed, three years ago, at the New York State elections, the *Call* sought to explain the low Socialist vote by claiming that a great many Socialists had voted for Hearst. And now the Falstaffs of the Socialist party are busy attacking Roosevelt, for fear "the comrades" will mistake his platform for Socialism and cast their ballots for him.

We call attention to the situation to point out the brand of "Socialists" that Socialist vote hunting is breeding. These "Socialists" can be caught by any angler in the muddy political waters, who will provide his hook with attractive bait.

* * *

A LOS ANGELES paper publishes the following report concerning the treatment in prison of the younger McNamara:

> Sullen, unruly and a persistent disturber of prison discipline, J. B. McNamara, one of the confessed dynamiters convicted in this city of blowing up a Broadway building, is passing a long period in a dungeon at San Quentin.
>
> McNamara refuses to obey orders, is lawless in his demeanor and will not submit to discipline, according to accounts received from the prison officials by Deputy Sheriff Al Manning. McNamara would not do his daily "stunt" in the jute mill.

We hear little these days of the squealer McManigal. A useful informer and State witness, and no doubt a sly stool pigeon in the prison, he is not menaced with the dungeon, like James B. McNamara, who had the courage of his convictions. A man of character, he is to be "broken" by disciplinary cruelties. But the traitor and spy enjoys special privileges —such is governmental morality!

According to a later report from San Quentin prison, the food riots under the new "reform" administration have indirectly resulted in the comparatively more humane treatment of James McNamara; his privileges, we are informed, have been restored to him. Evidently direct action methods are efficient in prison as well as out of it.

* * *

THE death of General Booth has afforded an opportunity to the rulers of monarchies, as well as of republics, to express their deep-felt condolence with the bereaved family, and their great appreciation of the work and efforts of the Salvation Army.

To be sure, an organization that promises to lead the unemployed and hungry to heaven by means of hymn singing, thin coffee and old shoes, must certainly enjoy the sympathy and approval of the rulers.

The invention of such dope to keep discontent in abeyance is a valuable aid to every oppressor.

* * *

TO take a brave stand for a cause does not necessarily prove the worth of that cause. But the courage and perseverance of the men and women participating in the struggle is always an inspiration. We justly admire such fighters.

We do not consider Woman Suffrage a great aim. The hollowness and deceit of the ballot box superstition, in regard to men as well as to women, is too apparent to our eyes to enthuse us over the movement. However, the undaunted attitude of the women recently condemned in Dublin to heavy prison sentences excites our sympathy and approval.

Two of the militant English suffragists, Mary Leigh and Gladys Evans, were sentenced to five years' penal servitude. In the jail they demanded to be treated like political prisoners, and when this was refused them, they declared a hunger strike. A number of suffragists in other prisons joined them in this protest, demonstrating a heroic spirit of endurance and defiance.

In her speech in court, Mrs. Leigh said, among other things:

> I do not want the sympathy of the jury—I will say to Mr. Asquith and to the other people who may occupy his position, and to the whole powers in this country, if I am not allowed to make one stand or strike one blow for my honor, for the honor of women, and for the honor of my country, then I will disobey all orders. My honor is in their hands, for I have stood in the dock before this day, and if I live to come out of Mountjoy Prison, and am still without the vote, I will take my stand again in the dock, for I feel it is better for me to have the number of a convict than to have any Star or Order to be given to me when without the vote.

The same spirit breathes in the message of Mrs. Pankhurst, who writes:

> This latest outrageous act of reprisal, while it covers the government with shame, will only strengthen the determination of militant suffragists to fight for women's freedom to the end, at no matter what cost to themselves.
>
> Mrs. Leigh and Miss Evans and Mrs. Baines, whom we love and honor for their splendid courage, have brought the agitation

to a crisis where the government must face two alternatives, either they must prepare to send large numbers of women to penal servitude, or give women the vote without further delay.

In a few short weeks the holidays will be over, and the W. S. P. U. will be at work again. My enforced absence during the past critical weeks has been hard to bear, but when Parliament re-opens I shall be with you, ready to fight by your side and prepared to share the penalties which this contemptible government may think fit to impose in the vain hope of crushing our movement. The end is in sight, and very soon the victory will be ours.

When they have accomplished their object, it is to be hoped that these brave suffragists will perceive that the future of man requires the realization of greater ideals than those of suffrage.

ROSS WINN

THE inexorable master, Death, has again visited the Anarchist ranks. This time its victim was Ross Winn, one of the most earnest, sincere, and able American Anarchists.

Never has the power of the Ideal been demonstrated with greater force than in the life and work of this man, Ross Winn. For nothing short of a great ideal, a burning, impelling, all-absorbing ideal, could make possible the task that our dead comrade so lovingly performed during a quarter of a century.

Born in Texas 41 years ago, of farmer parents, young Winn was expected to follow the path of his fathers. But the boy had other dreams, dreams extending far beyond the confines of his parents' farm; far beyond his immediate ties. His were dreams of the world, of humanity, of the struggle for liberty. He was possessed by a passionate longing to learn the printing trade, and by means of it to carry a message to mankind. His father, however, was opposed to such "foolish" notions, but Ross could not be daunted either at the age of 16, or during the rest of his life. He worked as a farm hand and picked cotton, and out of his meager earnings he bought for himself a small hand press. It was at a time when plutocracy, drunk with power, was about to put to death the men whose ideas were to serve as a beacon light in the life of Ross Winn—the Chicago Anarchists. Verily, Spies was prophetic, "The voices in

the grave will speak louder than those you strangle today."

Voltairine de Cleyre and Ross Winn—two native children of America heard the strangled voice, and forthwith set themselves to keep alive the work for which our brave comrades had died.

Ross Winn immediately made himself conversant with the philosophy of Anarchism, which found in him a powerful, uncompromising, and daring exponent. Soon after the death of our Chicago comrades, he revived the *Alarm,* founded by Albert Parsons and later published by Dyer D. Lum.

Always harassed by poverty that later caused his illness and death, our comrade was often compelled to discontinue his publishing work. But never for very long. Thus we find him again at the helm in 1894, issuing a little paper called the *Co-operative Commonwealth;* then in 1898, the *Coming Era;* in 1899, *Winn's Freelance.* Pressed by adverse economic conditions, our comrade at this time was forced to suspend his publication, contributing, however, meanwhile for the *Free Society,* published by the Isaac family. But in 1909 Winn again resumed his own publication, *Winn's Firebrand,* which he subsequently called the *Advance,* and later the *Red Phalanx.*

Always his one supreme passion was a paper, to arouse, inspire, and educate the people to a higher conception of human worth. So intense was that passion, that we find our comrade preparing copy on the very last day before his death for the August issue of his paper, from which we reproduce some of Winn's trenchant editorials.

I met our comrade in Chicago, in 1901, and was deeply impressed with his fervor and complete abandonment to the cause,—so unlike most American revolutionists, who love their ease and comfort too well to risk them for their ideals.

Ross Winn was of the John Brown, Albert Parsons, and Voltairine de Cleyre type. He lived and worked only for his ideas and would have gone to the gallows with the same fortitude. But fate decreed that he should die a hundred deaths. Three years ago our com-

rade fell a victim to the disease of the poor—tuberculosis. He had little faith in doctors, and he tried nature instead. Unfortunately one cannot live on nature alone, especially when one has a wife and child. And so Ross Winn had to return to civilization. In Mount Juliet, Tennessee, assisted by his devoted companion, Gussie Winn, and cheered by his child, Ross Jr., he eked out a miserable existence, and kept up his propaganda. Last year, however, his condition made work impossible, but he was too proud to ask assistance from his comrades even. It was through his wife that we learned of their terrible plight and immediately raised a small sum, which might have kept him in comfort for a while. But the only thing that meant comfort for Ross Winn was the spreading of his beloved ideas. And so he spent sixty dollars—a fortune to the little family—on a new printing outfit, and the *Advance* was again resumed.

It was this that helped more than medicine or nature to prolong the life of our tireless comrade. And then the end came. In the early morning hours of August 8th, the inexorable master, Death, stilled the fervent, burning heart of Ross Winn. Only faithful Gussie and their boy were with him. The good Christian neighbors had no use for the heretic. Poor fools! How could they fathom the beauty and love that permeated the man whom they had feared in life and shunned in death.

He is beyond them now, but not so his boy, whom next to his ideals he loved most, and whom he had hoped to save from Christian kindness and patriotic beneficiency. Ross Winn is beyond it all, but we are still here, not only to continue his work with the same ardor and devotion as he, but also to bring to his child, even in a small measure, the comradeship and care of his father.

At the death of Ross Winn, nine dollars was all that was left to his family.

Their need is great and immediate. I therefore earnestly urge that a fund be raised at once to assist the family of our dead comrade. Contributions can be sent direct to Gussie Winn, Route 3, Mount Juliet, Tennessee, or in care of MOTHER EARTH.

It is only through the manifestation of solidarity that

we can prove the living force of the ideas and ideals for which Ross Winn lived, worked, and struggled.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

SHORT EDITORIALS

By ROSS WINN.

DEAN SWIFT, in his satirical romance, "Gulliver's Travels," tells of a philosopher who spent a lifetime trying to discover a process for extracting sunshine from cucumbers, his plan being to bottle up the manufactured sunshine for use in cloudy and cold weather. For several centuries humanity has been trying to extract social happiness and personal benefit from legislation and government; and it hasn't succeeded any better than the fellow with his cucumber sunshine experiment.

* * *

THE tide of crime which, under the present order—or let us say, rather, disorder—of government rises continually higher and higher, does not prevent the defenders of the state from naively asking us: What protection or security against criminals will be given to society under Autonomy? "What are you going to do with the criminals?" cry the governmentalists, as if crime was a thing unknown where authority exists. The Autonomists themselves are not worrying over this problem as it will present itself under the new order. What to do with criminals will be a much less serious problem when we stop producing them, and when crime is reduced to an insignificant factor in human affairs. Government itself and the anti-social conditions created by its activities is chiefly responsible for the social disease we call crime; and when the causes are removed the effects will speedily disappear. This is a scientific age, and more and more people are beginning to suspect that present methods of dealing with crime are survivals of barbarism and that they must give way to more rational modes in harmony with science.

* * *

IN all of the political party platforms there is not one note for personal liberty; not a single plea for the sovereignty of the individual. The trend of political

thought, with the masses, is toward collectivism, centralization and concentration of administration. Even the Democracy bestows only a few weak platitudes upon her time-honored and once all-important doctrine of State rights, a doctrine that leads most logically to that of individual rights. An Autonomist, after reading the various platforms, finds little or nothing in any of the political parties to command his approval—not even the puerile tariff plank of the Democrats. Can anything else be expected from politics, which is the science of makeshift?

❧ ❧ ❧

SOCIETY—STUPID OR SENSIBLE?

By VIROQUA DANIELS.

WE know that all natural activities have underlying *principles*. We have attained sufficient development in mechanic arts to readily note and apply principles relating to them. It is dawning upon us that there are *principles* pertaining to society. Just why mankind has blundered through civilization after civilization without recognizing *social principles* and making them a part of the practical educational program, is the most puzzling of riddles.

Stripped of all constructive helpfulness, there could be no society, and if void of all friendliness and fellowship, life would be unbearable. Helpfulness and friendliness, then, are the operative causes of society—the *principles* inseparable from it.

SOCIAL *principles* are eternal. They are constructive. They are all inclusive. They are applicable everywhere and at all times. Race, sex, age, can exclude no person from participation. The variations of their uses are innumerable and the scope of their employment unlimited. We cannot annul nor evade them, though we may stupidly ignore or pervert them. Our intelligence measures the benefits we derive or fail to secure from their use or non-use. They are the "Truth," which, when understood, "shall set you free." Consciousness of them is essential for SOCIAL *efficiency*.

From the inception of society, constructive and destructive elements have, with scant discrimination, en-

gaged the attention of human beings. More or less zest has always accompanied the contending forces. When construction predominated, civilization was in the ascendent. When destructionists gained the "strangle hold," decadence became pronounced. Civilizations have been gauged by the extent of their material construction and the philosophical mentality of a few individuals, rather than by their general *social* excellence.

People may be helpful and friendly in destruction as well as construction, but in the former case there is misapplication or distortion of *principle*.

We speak of the evolution of man, and the expression conveys to our minds the idea of growth of the constructive human forces. We see the hut ascend into the skyscraper; hand production duplicated and the output increased a thousand fold by the machine; an expansive code of ethics creep forth from casual kindness. Over these many proofs of enlarging intelligence, we swell with pride. There has been evolution of destructive powers, also. Of this, too, we boast. Would a modern battlefield delight or dismay the primitive savage, do you think? And our systems of enslavement and robbery—would not the Feudal Lord grow green with envy?

The prevailing element in the evolution of destruction is *despotism*. Geo. D. Herron says: "The possession of power over others is inherently destructive—both to the possessor of the power and to those over whom it is exercised." A faulty *social* faculty generates the despot. Methodical despotism begins with the subjection and proprietorship of sex in women, and includes surveillance of mothers, children, tribe associates, industries, schools, religions, nations,—every phase of every social institution of all times. So foolish are tyrants flushed with power that the human race would have been exterminated ere this but for the fact that constructive *Life* permeats all and perseveres perpetually in propagating, maturing. Despots destroy by obstructing development —repression is followed by decay. Those in authority profess superiority and maintain a semblance of it by craftily controlling learning, by cooping up knowledge in exclusive schools and frequently, by exterminating, outrightly, slowly and painfully, acquired wisdom. Having assumed high rank, the powerful, with bluff and bluster

aver that they "can do no wrong." They persist in confining the activities of the people to prescribed TRICKS. Humans can acquire more tricks than other animals, as a rule. Etiquette, modes of dress and diet are essential tricks among the "upper classes." Dull members are apt in little else. The more "enterprising" dominate. The "lower orders" learn the tricks of subserviency and toil with more or less expertness. Despots permit, yes, compell industrial construction, that they may have wherewith to hoard, display and waste. Despotism is aggressive and conspicuous. Its spectacular displays blind, in some measure, the eyes of the common public to the corruption which trails in its wake and are its passports into popular favor. When its pretenses are discovered by a large number who are injured by them, it evolves new frauds by means of which it preserves its power.

The individual is a miniature society. Many constructive and destructive faculties are unfolded in the brain of each person. Any faculty cultivated simultaneously by a large number of social units, becomes prominent, a social feature, so to say. The universal practice of kindness would produce a peaceful society, but if the parts, singly, are savage, when aggregated, society becomes monstrous. Every degree between the most radical extremes of conduct is in evidence in society. There has always been a mixture of differing characteristics. Systematized kindness and systematized cruelty elbow each other at all times. Civilizations were grounded upon and continue to promote wholesale butcheries and robberies, ostensibly for the "public good." In conjunction with these large rapacious affairs, the building of individual character is constantly and strenuously advocated. The virtues, truth, industry, sympathy, love, etc., are the materials of which character is built. The vices, cruelty, dishonesty, hate, etc., destroy it. Virtues and vices are claimed as personal possessions, yet they must have a social body upon which they may be exercised, so they are both personal and social attributes. We observe with wonder our capacity for shifting from one mental condition to another wholly unlike it, and back again, with as little concern and with less consciousness of the performance than we evince when making a

change of clothing. Our mind trainers adjure us, when we are conning our early life lessons, to become saints and devils, too; the one for private peace, the other for public protection! And we tuck their precepts into our brains, some way, so that when our emotions, backed by our environment, "press the button," they work out again in confusing and parodoxical actions. Our reason is called into play for abstract propositions, mainly. Encouraged as we are by those who assume wisdom, to be helpful and friendly in our own small circle, only, we have failed to give these qualities large *social* significance or to see their *public offices*. Therefore their use has been contracted for the most part to petty private concerns.

In the instinctive, subconscious, compelling management of SOCIAL *principles*, the race has blindly worked out numerous negative methods of systematized helpfulness, that is, slavery. If we compare the patronizing help and condescending, fitful good humor of the master, the unwilling servile help and flattery of the slave, with the positive method of mutual helpfulness and comradeship of persons of the same social grade and culture, the odds are unquestionably on the side of the positive or mutual method. We must strengthen instinct with intelligence if we succeed in satisfying people whose social sense is comprehensive. Is it difficult to understand that if the killing of one person is an outrage, wholesale slaughter is outrageous, that it multiplies the iniquity? Is it not quite as easy to see that if intermittent mutual help is beneficial, constant cooperation of the whole of society would compound the benefit? Private character and public institutions should harmonize.

Commercialism appears to be the climax of the evolution which destroys. It embraces all preceding despotisms. Scarcely perceptible disintegration and rapid ruin accompany its sway. Nothing escapes its blighting influence. Lack of common insight into the fundamental *principles* of fellowship or society, has led, in the end, to the commercializing of every social function and system, good and bad. Recreations are the last of these to succumb to the commercial onslaught. Spontaneous and general sharing of plays and pleasures is nearly a thing

of the past. Unless the *price* is forthcoming, enjoyment of amusements is cut off.

A sensible society does not retrograde, but progresses in all its parts. So long as destructive elements in society tear down what others build up, we must admit that stupidity is prevalent. If we perceive that individual and collective despotism, or authority, is socially destructive, then it should be rooted out, demolished and abandoned. No phase of its existence should escape us, and we know that from its smallest stronghold, the family, it increases in progressive ratio all along the line through the industries, the educational, religious, governmental, and commercial institutions to the final preponderating and apparently all-powerful international combinations and imperialism of the trusts.

We must keep the fact clearly in mind that individuals are the integral parts of society. Singly and collectively, they act and react upon one another. To begin as nearly as we can get to the beginning, every babe born is a unit of our social sum. The state of our society depends upon the unfoldment of the constructive faculties, *individual and social*, of all these babes. The suppression or perversion of the brain development of any child, means a social flaw or blot.

If what I have said of the requisites of sensible society be true, then it is imperative that every person who can be reached should be taught, in substance, that constructive helpfulness and friendliness are SOCIAL *principles*, and that universal systematic cooperation is the broadest application of them.

* * *

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

TO HELL WITH YOUR COURTS!

ON BEING sentenced to jail for "conspiracy" to violate an unconstitutional ordinance against freedom of speech in San Diego, Jack Whyte, one of the most active and intelligent members of the Industrial Workers, uttered the following defiance:

"There are only a few words that I care to say, and this court will not mistake them for a legal argument, for I am not acquainted with the phraseology of the bar, nor the language common to the courtroom.

"There are two points which I want to touch upon —the indictment itself and the mis-statement of the prosecuting attorney. The indictment reads: 'The People of the State of California against J. W. Whyte and others.' It's a hideous lie. The people in this courtroom know that it is a lie; the court itself knows that it is a lie, and I know that it is a lie. If the people of the State are to blame for this persecution, then the people are to blame for the murder of Michael Hoey and the assassination of Joseph Mikolasek. They are to blame and responsible for every bruise, every insult and injury inflicted upon the members of the working class by the vigilantes of this city. The people deny it, and have so emphatically denied it that Governor Johnson sent Harris Weinstock down here to make an investigation and clear the reputation of the people of the State of California from the odor that you would attach to it. You cowards throw the blame upon the people, but I know who is to blame and I name them—it is Spreckles and his partners in business and this court is the lackey and lickspittle of that class, defending the property of that class against the advancing horde of starving American workers.

"The prosecuting attorney in his plea to the jury accused me of saying on a public platform at a public meeting: 'To hell with the courts; we know what justice is.' He told a great truth when he lied, for if he had searched the innermost recesses of my mind he could have found that thought, never expressed by me before, but which I express now. 'To hell with your courts, I know what justice is,' for I have sat in your court room day after day and have seen mem-

bers of my class pass before this, the so-called bar of justice. I have seen you, Judge Sloane, and others of your kind, send them to prison because they dared to infringe upon the sacred rights of property. You have become blind and deaf to the rights of man to pursue life and happiness, and you have crushed those rights so that the sacred rights of property should be preserved. Then you tell me to respect the law. I don't. I did violate the law, and I will violate every one of your laws and still come before you and say: 'To hell with the courts,' because I believe that my right to live is far more sacred than the sacred right of property that you and your kind so ably defend.

"I don't tell you this with the expectation of getting justice, but to show my contempt for the whole machinery of law and justice as represented by this and every other court. The prosecutor lied, but I will accept it as a truth and say again, so that you, Judge Sloane, may not be mistaken as to my attitude: 'To hell with your courts; I know what justice is.'"

A SYNDICALIST LEAGUE

By HARRY KELLY.

THE necessity of a Syndicalist League in this country becomes more and more apparent every day. And yet, when this assertion is made, it brings the usual rejoinders. First, we are laughed at and patronized for having "discovered" Syndicalism, and are compared to the German who suddenly awoke to the existence of a writer by the name of Goethe. Second, the Industrial Workers of the World are already in existence, and offer the same opportunities for effective work along syndicalist lines as a Syndicalist League, so why form another organization? Third, we must stand outside and aloof from all such organizations for fear of becoming demoralized and compromizing the ideal of Anarchism. Taking the above statements or objections in their order given, we will endeavor to answer them, and give our reasons for the formation of a Syndicalist League.

It is unimportant—even if true—that we have sud-

denly discovered Syndicalism. As one who has been long in the Anarchist Movement and read whatever was available on the subject in the English language, we are tolerably familiar with direct action and the general strike. For those of us who are unfortunate enough not to know any other language but English, the conception of Syndicalism is comparatively new. Five or six years ago, the term meant nothing more than our own trade unionism. The word "Syndicate" meant a body, not a policy, and signified much the same thing as trade union. At the present time Syndicalism means much more than unionism; it means a distinct form of unionism, a revolutionary, anti-parliamentary form of economic organization, which seeks to supplant the present system of production and distribution with another based upon the principle of free coöperation. This is entirely different from English and American trade unionism, and yet as we have stated, Syndicalism some five or six years ago was nothing more or less than French Trade Unionism—at least this was our conceptiontion and understanding. The fact that the thing we now know as Syndicalism was written and talked about as the General Strike, Direct Action and so on, for some years, is not in our opinion an argument against the formation of such a league as we have in mind. The question is: is it advisable, or necessary?

It is difficult to express disagreement with a political idea, without being called an emeny of the working class, reactionary, ignoramus and so on. This, however, we must expect; and while it is difficult to arrive at any intelligent understanding under such conditions, the zeal of the partisans often has its good effects in that they focus attention on their ideas. We have read whatever came our way, discussed the subject with leading members of the organization, and tried diligently to get a correct understanding of the principles of the I. W. W. Tried, because the principle of solidarity which it embodies has a fascination for us, and yet it does not—for us—fill the bill. The principle of "one big union," to be effective, means perfect unanimity or conception of immediate interest, or centralization. In the Lawrence strike tyranny and misery were so universal, it was comparatively easy to unite the different elements. Ettor,

Giovannitti, and Haywood, all did splendid work, but when it is remembered that the highest paid labor averaged but $9.00 a week, and the poorest considerably less, it can easily be seen that human suffering was the chief factor in uniting the different elements into a compact fighting mass. In dealing with the element known as skilled labor, we are face to face with an entirely different proposition. Where the stress of poverty is not great, we must perforce appeal to the idealistic side of man, and it requires a high degree of class consciousness to bring about such a reapproachment as at Lawrence. Every organization or social theory worthy of consideration seeks to improve the immediate condition of labor. The goal is freedom, as each understands the term; but while striving for that end, settlements and compromises are inevitable. To deny this is to deny life. The fundamental weaknesses of the now defunct Knights of Labor —with which form of organization the I. W. W. has many points in common—were two, lack of autonomy of trades and the power it gave the officials. In the settlement of trade disputes, carpenters, bricklayers, and cigarmakers ofttimes negotiated settlements for printers, and vice versa. Inability to understand conditions in trades other than their own created all kinds of trouble, and was one of the forces that ultimately disrupted the organization. Centralization means power in the hands of a few; and as power is demoralizing to those who use it, the result was corruption, as it would be in any organization.

"One big union" is an attractive phrase. It implies immediate action based on the theory of "an injury to one is the concern of all." As previously stated, however, it means a perfect unanimity of interest and understanding, or power in the hands of one or two leaders to get that immediate action. The latter is distinctly to be condemned; the former an ideal to strive for.

The I. W. W. has, to us, a future only with the unskilled; and while that class of labor is of equal importance to the skilled in society, it is not more important. And here let us say, that we have no sympathy with, or desire to divide labor into classes other than revoluntionary and reactionary; when we speak of skilled and unskilled labor, it is to use expressions common to the

understanding; and nothing more. While craft unionism, as exemplified by the American Federation of Labor form of organization, has very grave defects and has left much undone, it has accomplished a great deal for its members,—this notwithstanding that its principle of solidarity is limited to its own members and even there not deep. It is, however, unreasonable to ask men to desert that form of organization for another that in their opinion is weaker. Men are in the unfortunate position of having to live—or so they think—and however idealistic the worker may be, his immediate interests are very important to him. Much has been said by De Leon and others about the A. F. of L. men scabbing on their fellow workers. Not in the sense of taking another's job, but on the principle that the six-dollar-a-day plasterer gets his living at the expense of the dollar-and-a-half or two-dollar-a-day longshoreman, who has to pay higher rent in order that the plasterer may get his wage. This is but partially true, as the plasterer himself has to pay the higher rent; but if he is scabbing, so is every one of us who receives more than the longshoreman. The Anarchist or Socialist editor, writer, lawyer and all who command high salaries contribute to the increased cost of living of the very poor; and merely because their tactics differ from the high paid trade unionist, it does not lessen the offence, if offense it be. No workingman, the plasterer not excepted, gets more than a living, and his right is as legitimate as any in society—and more than many—to improve his condition. The I. W. W. can not hope to make converts in the large cities where the higher paid labor is well organized, except in the case of a few idealists. They can, however, do much good work among the poorly paid organized workers, and we wish them all success in their efforts.

To stand outside the labor movement or such organizations as the I. W. W. or Syndicalist League—such as we have in mind—for fear we would become officials and get demoralized, is in our opinion to play the part of pedants. We have been outside the labor movement so long we have lost almost all our vitality. It is understood that each man or woman will work along lines most agreeable to them, but as a general rule of propaganda we should not limit ourselves to any one

class, not even the working class. It is a fact, however, that the propaganda of Anarchism in the English language has been carried on largely among the small middle class. If Anarchists have not sufficient faith in their own strength to prevent demoralization, and lack the character to refuse an office that may corrupt them, they are indeed in a bad way. Certain individuals are fitted by nature for the role of philosopher, but they are few and far between—America is a poor breeding ground for such individuals—even if we had, that applies to individuals and not to a movement which seeks to vitalize contemporary movements.

Syndicalism is a combination of craft unionism and I. W. W. solidarity. It seeks the destruction of capitalism and the replacing of it by free coöperation, carried on by federated groups. It is Socialism in the large sense, economic but distinctly anti-parliamentary. Such a Syndicalist League as we have in mind would not seek the destruction of existing craft unions and their incorporation in "one big union." It would endeavor to broaden their spirit and inculcate a greater degree of solidarity amongst them, leaving them at the same time local or trade autonomy. Its business would be to organize the unorganized upon a distinctly revolutionary and anti-parliamentary basis. It would also endeavor to organize the large and ever growing number of the smaller middle class, writers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, etc., and furnish an outlet for their activity. When one stops to consider the number of individuals engaged in these and similar occupations, hanging onto life by an eyelash, and what they might do if organized, it is inspiring. Mixed assemblies on the order of the K. of L. bodies of those who have no union to belong to, can be formed until a sufficient number of a trade or calling can be found to make a separate union. For the present the main work of the league should be to spread the doctrines of Syndicalism and to organize the unorganized. Speakers and lecturers sent to various unions to explain that Syndicalism does not mean the destruction of their organizations, but merely to deepen and extend their usefulness. Direct action and sabotage with their enormous potentialities can be set forth so as to prepare the workers in their strikes. The principles of Syndical-

ism are in the air and the number of people seeking an outlet from the political morass must be apparent to all. Syndicalism combines the wisdom of Aristotle who said that the best way to do things well was to *do* them well, and the philosophy of Ibsen who pointed out that the real joy of life lies in the struggle and not the attainment of the object striven for. Repeated struggle and failure to attain a higher standard of life will not only eventually cause the breakdown of present society, but fit us to enter the promised land—Free Society.

THE TREATMENT OF WEALTH PRODUCERS

(Correspondence.)

THE construction workers on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, B. C., are up in revolt. The chief cause of the uprising is the outrageous treatment of the men in the camps and the inhuman neglect of those who are unfortunate enough to fall sick and are sent to the so-called hospital. There is only one hospital for 200 miles of construction, and the maimed and sick often die on the way. In the hospital itself the conditions that prevail are nothing short of murderous, and this is one of the main causes of the trouble.

This strike is one of the most impressive and far-reaching demonstrations of labor in the history of Canada. The men became organized in the face of great difficulties and severe opposition from the contractors. For a long time the construction workers endured most terrible hardships. Strong and hardy, and used to the rough life in the camps, they were patient under the inhuman conditions, hoping that their petition to the government would bring them a little relief. But nothing was done, and the workers soon realized that they could expect no redress from that direction.

Then they decided to rely upon their own efforts. Strike committees were appointed and demands for better conditions presented to the contractors. But the bosses ignored the situation, and then the whole force walked out on one of the biggest strikes known

in this part of the country. The action was so spontaneous and so unexpected by the contractors that they were entirely at a loss what to do.

The press is against us, for they are all in the service of the capitalists. But even they have to admit that the conditions in the camps and in the hospitals are insupportable. Thus writes the *Evening Empire:*

> It is learned from officials who have looked into the matter and reported on G. T. P. conditions in the construction camps and which reports have been forwarded to Victoria and Ottawa, that statements containing severe strictures on the hospital system are made. At Sealey a case is quoted of a patient having lain in unwashed blankets for six months, vermin ridden.
>
> Another case quoted is that of a man with a leg cut off, the flesh of the severed limb being infected with vermin.
>
> Another cause of complaint investigated by the government fair wage officer, was the charges for supplies.
>
> The report to the department at Ottawa, it is understood, contains a statement that the salary of the camp timekeeper was paid out of the profits charged on supplies to the laborers.
>
> A case is also cited of a man, injured in the neighborhood of Aldermere, who refused to be sent to the Sealey hospital. He was attended by a private doctor from Aldermere at a cost of $25, although the charge of $1 per month for hospital dues had been regularly deducted from his pay.
>
> The statement also is made that adequate hospital accommodation for every twenty-five miles, as stipulated by the company's charter, has never been supplied. The responsibility for the hospitals lays with the construction superintendent and the medical officer in charge, it is said.

The unsanitary conditions of the camps and the bad food, the low wages and extortionate prices for the necessaries of life, have driven us to desperation. We have revolted against our slavery, and by united action we are endeavoring to make conditions at least bearable.

Our demands are as follows:

Nine hours shall constitute a maximum day's work with a minimum wage of $3.25 for muckers and $3.50 for drillers; time and one-half for all overtime and Sundays.

Board not to exceed $1.00.

Better food and strict enforcement of the sanitary laws governing camps.

Hospital fees to be turned over to the I. W. W., who will equip and maintain all hospitals.

Organizers and delegates to have access to the camps at all times.

FELLOW WORKINGMEN, we request you to stay away from these camps until the demands are granted and official notice to that effect is published by the Industrial Workers of the World.

Help the fight by contributing to the strikers' maintenance fund. Send all moneys to

A. O. MORSE, Secretary Strike Committee.

Prince Rupert, B. C., August 10th, 1912.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN NEW YORK AND VICINITY

MY extensive tours through the country during the last five years have made it impossible for me to devote much time to lecture work in New York. I have therefore decided to extend this year's course, which will begin Sunday, October 6th, till December 22nd.

My week days will be devoted to lecturing outside of New York, and I should like to hear from comrades who wish to arrange for dates.

Emma Goldman.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

A MAGAZINE of the character of Mother Earth necessarily has a hard time to maintain itself. We therefore urge our friends, whose subscriptions have expired, not to delay their renewals. And we want to remind you on this occasion that we carry a large stock of Anarchist and other radical literature. Now is the time to order books.

OUR CALIFORNIA FRIENDS

will be interested to know that we have secured a small number of Hutchins Hapgood's work, THE SPIRIT OF LABOR. It deals with the Anarchist and the labor movement in America in an able manner. The principal character in the work is a well-known labor leader, who is about to stand trial in Los Angeles in connection with the McNamara events. This book will give you an insight into the character and development of the radical labor leader.

Price 60c., postpaid.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE AND DEATH

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

IN HIS fascinating book on India, Pierre Loti describes his quest after the solution of the riddle of life. Sceptical towards Christianity, he tries to fathom the mystery by means of the ancient wisdom of India as interpreted by the Brahmins or their theosophic disciples. Alas! the search is vain. The portal of the shrine is closed to him. Neither the priest of the ancient gods nor the followers of Madame Blavatsky can quench his thirst for knowledge. Yet, notwithstanding his disappointment, a transformation took place in his soul. His views and beliefs underwent a change. Pierre Loti, after a visit to India, was a different man from the one who started out on the quest the previous year.

A similar experience you can have if you undertake a journey with Edward Carpenter through his new book, "The Drama of Love and Death.* You may not find the solution of the riddle, but you will return from an interesting excursion into the invisible world with new vistas of life. Though you may not agree with the author in all his conclusions, you will confess that he has given you a new view of the everlasting problem of life and death.

To be sure, if you still swear by Büchner and Moleschott, if the theological disputes of Bruno Bauer, Feuerbach, Strauss, and Renan are your spiritual armory and Bradlaugh and Ingersoll your leaders in the realm of thought, then you will be disappointed. Carpenter is a heretic in the opposite direction. There is much in the book that may shock your prejudices; some statements will bring a sarcastic smile to your face; some hypotheses will seem to you far-fetched; still you will not return the same from the journey.

The priest of India and Edward Carpenter arrive by different means at the same conclusion. "The dewdrop slips into the shining sea"; the microcosm, released from the finite body, "pervades the universe."

---

*The Drama of Love and Death. By Edward Carpenter. Mitchell Kennerley, New York and London.

The ancient philosophers of the East arrived just as surely at the idea of continuous life in infinite divisions as the most modern philosopher with all his biological proofs before him. The fear of death can only be eliminated by the sublime knowledge that what we regard as death is merely the disintegration of the particles which make up the individual body—after which they are free to pervade all things. "Death is the necessary door by which we pass from one phase to another; and Love is a similar door."

The fear of death is the enemy of life. Disperse the fear of death and you will lead a full life—a life of love, beauty, and harmony. This is the essence of Carpenter's book. He expresses the longings and feelings of thousands and thousands of seekers after harmonious life. These ideas are vibrating throughout the spiritual life of our time. Maxim Gorky expresses a similar idea in his drama "The Children of the Sun." Protossoff, the main character, cries out:

"The fear of death, this is the only thing which keeps men from being bold, beautiful, and free. It impends over them like a black cloud. It covers the earth with its shadows; it gives birth to spectres. It compels them to stray from the straight path to freedom, from the broad road of experience. It moves them to create hasty and monstrous notions concerning the meaning of life, it frightens the reason, and thought then creates superstitions. But we, we are people, we are the children of the sun, of the radiant source of life, born of the sun, we shall conquer the dark fear of death. We are children of the sun. It is the sun glowing in our veins which gives birth to proud and fiery ideas, illuminating the darkness of our ignorance, it is an ocean of energy, beauty and joy that intoxicates the soul."

* * *

There can be no life without sex. To know life one must understand sex. But when we do gain the knowledge of sex? Only after years of frightful experience, surrounded by the ignorance and stupidity of our parents, wading through muddy streams of lies and hypocrisy. Shall the new generation suffer the same agonies, tramp the same hard road to Golgotha?

A great awakening on matters of sex education is perceptible in all countries—even among professional educators, usually the last to catch up with current thought. The third International Congress for School Hygiene, meeting last year in the Sorbonne, occupied itself mainly with the burning question of sexual initiation. Dr. Chotzen, of Breslau, a German delegate, was in favor of full information, based both on intelligence and sentiment, about sexual functions. Dr. Chotzen's views were supported by Dr. Doléris, who gave an excellent *exposé* of the subject, by Professor Lanson, the President of the Congress, as well as by a great number of the delegates. The discussion caused an attack on the part of *Le Temps* and a spirited reply from Professor Lanson. The eminent savant had no difficulty in crushing the ridiculous arguments of the editor of *Le Temps* in favor of "le prix infini de a virginité de lâme" and "la poesie de la pudeur et l'adorable mystère de l'amour."

The result of the controversy is an admirable book from the pen of our comrade G. Bessède called *L'Initiation Sexuelle** and containing a splendid preface by Dr. L. Brusselle.

The author treats the difficult subject of sexual initiation with great tact and delicacy. His method, based on simple facts which are brought by everyday life to the notice of the child, and laying especial stress on the sexual evolution of the animal world, evolves step by step toward instruction in the human sexual relation. The tact, modesty, simplicity, and clarity with which Bessède treats his subject indicate a true pedagogue.

* * *

Some time ago I was obliged to listen to a lot of tommyrot about criminals. The participants in this discussion were mostly "radicals," among them a professional judge who was especially bitter against the criminal class. I embarassed the goody-goody people with their cheap sympathy for the "lost brothers" when I asked the judge how he would make his living

---

* *L'Initiation Sexuelle.* By G. Bessède. Librarie Art et Science, Paris.

if there were no tramps, outcasts, or criminals. Still more shocked were they when I declared that a criminal is far superior to the man who sentences him. Most of them "saw the beauty of Jesus," and "admired Tolstoi tremendously," yet they were shocked. The pseudo-science of Lombroso, Nordau and their ilk haunted their brains. The exposures of writers like Brand Whitlock in his "Turn of the Balance"; Wm. C. Owen in "Crime and Criminals"; Messrs. Hopper and Bechdolt in "9009" have not had a great effect on them. The confessions of a "real criminal," Donald Lowrie, in "My Life in Prison,"* may open their eyes.

Lowrie describes his experiences in St. Quentin prison. He might have served his time in any other prison. They are all alike; the treatment of the inmates is dastardly, cruel, inhuman, degenerating, and senseless. Lowrie has a fine understanding for his fellow prisoners. You find more humanity in prison than outside. In a criminal society like ours it is preferable to be a criminal than an "honest, decent citizen." Read Lowrie's description of "Ed" Morrell and you will discover a hero of sublime character. The "professional" criminal "Smoky" is a good Samaritan who would have a place of honor in a free society. The chapter on executions seems to me to be the best. The hangman hides his shame behind the criminal system which makes him a murderous tool. "He can't help it, you know," says the easy "radical," "he has to make his living."

Lowrie has no social views; as far as I can see, he thinks the system is all right, if we only had humane rulers and good jailers! Poor chap.

---

* My Life in Prison. By Donald Lowrie. Mitchell Kennerley, New York and London.

❦ ❦ ❦

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

A PRIESTESS OF PITY AND OF VENGEANCE

ON June 19 Voltairine de Cleyre died in Chicago. The daily papers in most cases did not even record the fact. The news reached the radical public through the medium of her friends and through memorial meetings held in Chicago and New York. Very few realize even yet that one of the most remarkable characters of our time has passed on. Her reputation, I venture to predict, will last for centuries. She was an Anarchist, "a priestess of pity and of vengeance," as W. T. Stead once called Louise Michel. In the sad sisterhood of Anarchism three names stand out above all others—Louise Michel, Emma Goldman and Voltairine de Cleyre.

If Louise Michel was the humanitarian, the friend and benefactor of all who suffered and who needed her help, if Emma Goldman is the fiery and emotional agitator, Voltairine de Cleyre can best be described as the poet and thinker. Her style glows with a certain passion of the mind. Her voice has a vibrant and somber quality that, so far as I know, is unique in literature. Crimson as blood, black as hate, are some of her lyric utterances. Night birds flap their wings, "the whipped sky shivers," and the wind roars from the depths of the sea, in the ghostly visions she invokes. Several of her best poems cluster about the memory of the Chicago Anarchists. One of her noblest pays tribute to Governor Altgeld, who pardoned three of the Anarchists and thus, as she says, sacrificed his political career to an act of justice.

* * *

Her prose writings have been translated into many tongues. They are clear and direct, and convey always the workings of a mind of the first order. Anarchism is often regarded in this country as an exotic. In her "Anarchism and American Traditions" Voltairine de Cleyre shows that many of the ideas most typical of the Anarchistic philosophy are rooted deep in the spiritual fiber of America. Her "Crime and Criminals" is a plea for the regeneration, rather than the punishment, of the criminal. "Let us have done," she says, "with this savage idea of punishment, which is without wisdom.

Let us work for the freedom of man from the oppressions which make criminals, and for the enlightened treatment of all the sick." Her essay, "They Who Marry Do Ill," is a memorable statement of an attitude that has always fascinated a few, but is hardly likely to penetrate to the many. Her mind was alive right to the very end. One of her last published lectures is devoted to the present burning issue in the labor movement—"direct action" versus political action. Another recent lecture deals in masterly fashion with the Mexican Revolution. "Hail to the Mexican Revolution," she cries, "victorious or defeated. And hail to the next that rises!"

* * *

She wrote a hauntingly beautiful essay called "The Dominant Idea." Every life with any dignity, she affirms, must have its dominant idea. The reign of nature is a reign of dominant ideas. She illustrates the principle by telling of a morning-glory vine that climbed over the window of the room in which she lived, and that, by mishap or chance, was suddenly snapped near the roots. The leaves hung limp, the sappy stem wilted and began to wither; in a day it was all dead,—all but the top which still clung longingly to its support, with bright head lifted. "I mourned a little," she says, "for the buds that could never open now, and pitied that proud vine whose work in the world was lost. But the next night there was a storm, a heavy, driving storm, with beating rain and blinding lightning. I rose to watch the flashes, and lo! the wonder of the world! In the blackness of the mid-NIGHT, in the fury of wind and rain, the dead vine had flowered. Five white, moon-faced blossoms blew gaily around the skeleton vine, shining back triumphant at the red lightning. Over death and decay the Dominant Idea smiled: the vine was in the world to bloom, to bear white trumpet blossoms dashed with purple; and it held its will beyond death."

* * *

Voltairine de Cleyre's life was dedicated to a dominant idea. Her guiding star was principle. She lived and died poor, and she shrank from notoriety. Like many powerful characters, she showed at times paradoxical

traits. This ardent freethinker, who reacted violently from the Roman Catholic faith in which she was reared, and condemned Christianity *in toto,* applied Christian ethics in some of the crises of her own life. She refused, for instance, to prosecute the half-crazed boy who shot her in Philadelphia some years ago. She returned good for evil. She did not know the meaning of fear, and took her ground firmly even when she knew that imprisonment awaited her. I feel in her a tragic and tortured spirit. She fought without illusions, but she fought to the end. She lies in Waldheim Cemetery beside the men who were executed in 1887.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT, in *The International*

* * *

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

THE revolutionary press all over the world pays at present special attention to the movement in the United States. The workers in all countries follow with deep interest social events in our republic. In nearly every exchange coming to the office of MOTHER EARTH we find information about the Revoution in Mexico, and the efforts of Wall Street and the Washington government in favor of Madero, the incarceration of Ricardo Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figuero in the federal prison, on McNeil's Island; the Free Speech fight and persecutions in San Diego; the trial of Clarence Darrow in Los Angeles; and the approaching trial of Ettor and Giovannitti in Lawrence. The imprisonment of Ettor and Giovannitti has aroused great indignation among the militant workingmen's organizations in Europe, and has led to sharp protests against the contemplated railroading of the Lawrence strike leaders.

* * *

THE Anarchist *Internationale* is making preparations for a great celebration. In December next Peter Kropotkin reaches the age of seventy. Many Anarchist and libertarian publications and associations will commemorate this happy event either in public meetings, or by publishing and spreading the works of the great revolutionist and scientist, or by issuing special appreciations of our beloved teacher.

SWITZERLAND is the paradise for Socialist politicians. Nowhere else have they taken hold of so many governmental jobs; they fill many positions, from that of the simplest policeman to the highest federal councilman. No wonder, then, that Herr Blocher, a Socialist representative of the Canton of Basle, was charged by the federal government to welcome the German Emperor when the latter entered into Helvetia to attend the Swiss army maneuvers. What a progress in the Socialist movement! And what a contrast to the action of the proletariat of Italy, who prevented the contemplated visit of the bloody Nicolas to Italy a few years ago.

The Swiss authorities took extraordinary police precautions to avoid an untoward incident at the hands of Anarchists, and all known Anarchists were locked up, and kept imprisoned until after the Emperor's departure. Swiss and German detectives co-operated in guarding Wilhelm from harm. Comrade L. Bertoni, editor of the Anarchist paper *Le Réveil*, in Geneva, was arrested at Zürich while on a lecture tour, ostensibly because he glorified the deed of Gaetano Bresci in assassinating King Humbert, but in reality to keep him in prison as long as the German Emperor remained in Switzerland. No doubt Herr Fischer, the Socialist police commissioner at Zürich, will be decorated by the Emperor for his gallant deed.

* * *

IN CONNECTION with this incident we call attention to the news service of the New York *Call*. This impartial daily, which constantly protests against the falsification of news on the part of the capitalist press, falsifies every cablegram bringing news about Anarchists. Neither the cablegrams of the Associated Press nor those of Laffan's Bureau contain the word "so-called" (Anarchist) which the *Call* inserts in the cablegrams on every occasion. In a cablegram of September 1st, bringing the news of the funeral of the Anarchist Troja in Rome, the editor of the *Call* uses the expression "alleged Anarchist." The old bunco-game of the Socialist press; on one hand to cater to their respectable followers by painting An-

archists in the blackest colors, and on the other hand to credit all popular and revolutionary demonstrations to political Socialists.

* * *

OUR greetings to Enrico Malatesta, who again enjoys his "liberty" after serving three months in an English prison for "libeling" a spy of the Italian government. The protest raised by the workers of England prevented his deportation to Italy. By sentencing Malatesta English justice added one more black spot to its list of crimes against liberty.

* * *

GUSTAVE HERVÉ, having been released from prison by the grace of Aristide Briand, has returned to the folds of parliamentarism. Not being able to convert the Syndicalists and the Anarchists to his policy he recants his insurrecto-anti-patriotic ideas and chooses the easier road to the Palais Bourbon.

Jaurés and Guesde will undoubtedly slaughter many a fatted calf in honor of the returned prodigal. The stubborn Syndicalists and Anarchists continue their revolutionary propaganda for the emancipation of the working class without the benediction of the great believer in a proletarian dictatorship.

* * *

WE welcome new additions to the Anarchist press, *Le Mouvement Anarchiste*, a monthly review published by the Communist Anarchist Federation at 36, Rue Rochechouart, Paris; *Der Kampf*, Sternstrasse 39, Hamburg, Germany; *De Anarchist*, Keucheniusstraat 12 I, Amsterdam, Holland, and *The Anarchist*, a weekly, published by our Glasgow comrades.

* * *

FREE COMMUNISM—Voluntary economic co-operation of all towards the needs of each. A social arrangement based on the principle: To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability.

Special Anniversary Offer

of

Peter Kropotkin's Works

In celebration of our Comrade's 70th birthday, we offer a complete set, including the following bound volumes: Great French Revolution, Mutual Aid, Memoirs of a Revolutionist, Russian Literature, Conquest of Bread, and fourteen other works, for $7.50, postpaid. These books are listed at $9.10.

ATTENTION!

About Oct. 15th I shall have printed (in sixteen-page, self-covered pamphlet form) ten thousand or more copies of "State Socialism and Anarchism," by Benj. Tucker. My object is to supply a complete exposition of Anarchism at cost for propaganda. I will take orders for any amount at the rate of $4.20 a thousand, or forty-two cents a hundred, purchaser to pay expressage from Grand Rapids, Mich.

CHAS. W. BERGMAN, Alpine, Mich.

William Thurston Brown

Will Deliver 3 More Lectures at the Ferrer Centre, 104 East 12th Street, Sundays, 11.15 A. M.

Next Lecture September 15th

HAS RELIGION BEEN A PROMOTER OR RETARDER OF CIVILIZATION?

By ROSA MARKUS

An interesting pamphlet written by a girl of 15. **10 cents**

To be had through *Mother Earth*

JUST OUT

THE LONG EXPECTED

NEW EDITION

of MAX STIRNER'S

THE EGO AND HIS OWN

A CLASSIC OF ORIGINAL REVOLUTIONARY THOUGHT

REDUCED TO 75 CENTS

Postage 10 cents extra

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

We offer a small library on Anarchism consisting of the following books:

ANARCHISM, by Eltzbacher. An able and impartial exposition of Anarchism **$1.50**

WHAT IS PROPERTY? by Proudhon. A brilliant arraignment of property and the state . **2.00**

CONQUEST OF BREAD, by Peter Kropotkin. The economic basis of Anarchism .. **1.00**

ANARCHISM AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Emma Goldman **1.00**

MOTHER EARTH, a monthly magazine devoted to literary and revolutionary topics **1.00**

Postage 25 cents extra **Total $6.50**

This set every social student should own. Send your order at once and get these books for **$5.00**